

The Blind Woman and the Wind
by
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He walked softly up the garden path, and peeped in at the window.

There they were: Pierrot propped against the wall, sound asleep; Columbine on the cloak, with her head on his knees. There were the petals of the rose she had scattered on the floor; and there were his knapsack and paint-box on the bench, packed up and strapped as he had left them.

He opened the window softly, and, by reaching with the hook of his stick, caught both knapsack and paint-box and drew them out, without disturbing the sleepers.

"I'd still think it was a dream," he said to himself, "if it was n't for the smell of sausages faintly perfuming the air."

Then, noiselessly, he placed the bundle down outside the door, and, taking two pounds from his purse, placed them in a piece of paper. On this he wrote:

A wedding present. Please buy something useless with it to remind you of Crispin O'Doolan.

After that, just as he was going away, a fanciful idea came into his mind. He plucked a rosebud and laid it on the bundle. Then, taking half a dozen full-blown roses, he scattered their petals on the path from the door to the gate.

"I'd like her," he thought, "to walk on these the first time she goes out into the world."

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Slipping it's May. Oct. 1911

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THE BLIND WOMAN AND THE WIND

BY CAROLINE WOOD MORRISON

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SHE knows it comes across the hills;
It used to blow so in her face
When through a yard of daffodils
She wandered free in childish grace;

It whispers of the summer green,
All shimmering in a western glow.
How oft the pretty sight she's seen!
She dwells on it when soft winds blow.

She knows when swaying forests bend,
And darkening waters fret the grass.
Alone and blind! Ah, brave winds bend
All happy memories as you pass!

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

By Dorothy Canfield



I.

THE notable advantages of the academic profession were early impressed upon the minds of Pierre and Jean by their devoted young parents. Chief among these figured their admission, free of charge, to the school where their father, an invincibly hopeful young professor, pointed out the beauties of the French literature to the thick-headed little Picards of Amiens. To the little boys themselves, however, this was a delight by no means without alloy. It was no easy life for them. Among their comrades, the sons of well-to-do manufacturers, the poor school-teacher's children in their black aprons, with their pockets monotonously empty of all but the clean handkerchiefs *Maman* put there so carefully, had a hard time to uphold the dignity of their father's profession.

They could not have made even a struggle to do so had it not been for little Jean and his special gift. He had in his head, the little dreamy-eyed fellow, a heritage which availed him more than even the flowing pocket-money of Emile, the son of the great grocer of Amiens. Emile could buy you barley sugar and *babas au rhum* and all the other ecstasies of the pastry-cook, but when you had eaten them, there you were, as listlessly stranded as before on the great gravelled playground. Whereas little Jean, although he was but seven, could, with Pierre to help him, transform the lilac-bushes into virgin wilderness, peopled with Red Indians and Leopards and Great Brown Bears, all in the twinkling of an eye. The beauty of it was that not only did you battle splendidly with wild beasts at the time, but that ever afterwards the bushes rustled with delicious mystery, and the playground was an illimitable prairie, with endless possibilities of buffalo on the distant horizon. A few of these wonders came out of the geography-book, many more from the translations of Cooper which are to be had in delectably cheap editions wherever there are French school-boys; but most of all came out of little Jean's closely cropped black head.

The fortunes of this battle between the forces of prosperous materialism and the impalpable powers of the spirit varied from day to day.

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